

BY AND BY.

By and by the evening 'tis,
Sons of labour re-
weary cattle seek the stalls,
birds are in the nest.
By and by the tide will turn,
Change come o'er the sky;
Life's hard task the child will learn,
By and by.

By and by the soldier quits
Rattle of the gun;
Happy with his wife he sits,
Battles fought and won.
By and by the calm will come,
Near no more run high;
Glad will be the sailor's home,
By and by.

By and by, to those that wait,
All things will come round;
Gladness, though it lingers late,
Sought for, will be found.
Friends that long have been apart,
Fate shall bring them nigh,—
Love shall link their heart to heart,
By and by.

By and by the din will cease,
Day's long hours depart;
By and by, in holy peace,
We shall sleep at last.
Calm will be the sea-wind's roar,
Calm we too shall lie,—
Toll and moil and weep no more.
By and by.

WHAT ONE LITTLE BOY DID.

BY MARY E. BALDWIN.

"Tell me, children," said a teacher, "what you have done for others during the past week."

The upturned faces brightened, and the voices were eager, as, in turn, they spoke of some kind deed for another.

Each one seemed elated and anxious to give a good account of himself, except little Frank, who hung his head and said nothing.

The teacher noticed it and asked, "Have you nothing to tell, my boy?" "No, ma'am; I've minded my little brother, that's all."

Then, I am sorry to say, each little boy, and each little girl, too, laughed loudly, and it was some time before the teacher could restore order, but, when she did, she looked quite sad, and said gently, to little Frank:

"And is not minding your little brother doing something?"

"But I do that every day," answered the child.

Miss Smith had heard of his care of his little brother, and she knew, too, why the children laughed when he spoke of him, and I will tell you why.

Frank's brother was not like other little boys in intelligence. He was six years old, but never had talked, and he had a strange face, with a very queer, foolish expression. He made very peculiar sounds. Perhaps, poor boy, he was trying to speak. People called him an idiot, but his mother always spoke of him to Frank as "your poor little brother."

Long ago she had told him to watch the little afflicted boy carefully, and keep him from the street, for fear he might be run over by the horses.

It was not an easy matter to do this, for the little foolish brother would persist in running into the street, and even before the horses. For these reasons, it required almost constant watching on the part of little Frank, which left him little time for play and his own enjoyment.

He knew that his mother worked very hard, and that she waited anxiously for his coming from school, to relieve her of care, and she had often told him what a comfort and help he was to her.

One day he was amusing his little brother out upon the sidewalk, in front of the house, when his mother called him to help her a minute in the house. Another boy promised to care for the little idiot while Frank was gone, but other boys are not always so careful with trusts as they should be, and when he returned his little heart grew sick as he saw his brother lying flat in the road, and a pair of horses being driven fast toward him. He knew the gentleman who was driving did not see the small object in the road, as he was busy talking with some ladies upon the back seat of the carriage. He took in all this in just a second's time, and rushed to snatch the boy from the coming danger. But he was too late. The horses knocked him down and trampled upon both of them.

When the two were taken up the little foolish mind of one had departed. Life was gone from the uncouth body. Little Frank lived a few hours, long enough to receive his mother's blessing for his little faithful life, and long enough to hear, from his teacher's lips:

"My boy, you have done all that could be done for others. You have given your life."

When the Sunday-school class passed the coffins in which lay the two forms, that of the little, weak, foolish brother, and, by its side, the form of little Frank, on whose pale face was an expression of peace and beauty that heaven only could have lent, they felt how small their own deeds were.

HE LOVED HIS MOTHER'S BIBLE.

SOME years ago a small boy came into the office of a steamboat company in Albany, New York, and seeing a gentleman busy writing, he took off his hat and approached him, waiting to be spoken to.

"What do you want, boy?" soon said the gentleman.

"I am a poor boy, sir, and have walked much of the way from Canandaigua on my way to New York, to my aunt's; my money is nearly all gone, and I have come to see if you won't please to send me on one of your steamers."

"Have you run away?"

"No, sir; my mother is dead, and I promised her I would go to my aunt in New York, sir, and I am going if I have to walk all the way there."

"What is in that bundle under your arm, that you hold so close?"

"It is something I value very much, sir, and I would sooner walk to New York and back again than part with it."

"Let me see it."

"You will give it to me again, sir, if I let you take it?"

After unrolling it from a dirty cloth, it proved to be a small Bible which his dying mother had given him, with her blessing, on the promise to read it and go to his aunt.

"Have you read it much?"

"Yes, sir, when tired and hungry I have often sat down by the roadside and read my mother's Bible, and it seemed to feed and rest me."

"I will give you enough for it to pay your passage."

"I cannot tell it, sir, indeed I can not, even if I have to walk to New York."

The kind gentleman gave him a line

to the captain to take the boy free to New York, and, when there, to place him in the care of a policeman to find his aunt, and also to see that he went to a good school, and follow him up to higher schools, and he would pay all his bills for schooling, books, etc. A short time since, at a Sabbath-school convention out West, one of the best addresses was made by that boy—now a man—who loved his Bible so.—*Bible Society Record.*

THE MINCE-PIE THROWN AWAY.

A poor bricklayer was very busy during the Christmas holidays in repairing an oven for a baker. The bricklayer loved rum. Indeed, he was an habitual drunkard. He had brought his bottle with him to the bake-house, and almost every time he completed a layer of bricks he took a draught of the fire-water.

Now it happened that the baker had two little daughters, as bright-eyed, cherry-cheeked, laughing young creatures as you ever saw. They were temperance girls too. In their play they wandered into the bake-house. There they saw the bricklayer stopping every little while to take a drop from his fiery bottle. This was too much for temperance girls to endure, so they said: "Ain't you ashamed of yourself, Mr. Murray, to be drinking whiskey?" Shortly after they came into the bake-house again eating mince-pie. It was now the brick-layer's turn to speak. Looking at them, therefore, very sharply, he said: "Now ain't you ashamed to be eating brandy at that rate?"

"We ain't," said they.

"Yes, you are," he replied. "There is brandy in that pie."

The little girls, without tasting another mouthful, ran into the house. "Mother!" said they, with great earnestness, "is there any brandy in this pie?"

"Yes, my dears, there is," she replied.

"Then we will eat no more of it," said they spitting out what was in their mouths and throwing the rest into the fire.

This was more than the bricklayer could bear. He said: "Well, if these little girls can give up their pies from principle, I can give up my dram;" so off he went and signed the pledge.

The next time I meet the Cold-Water Army I mean to ask them to give three cheers for these little girls who threw away their mince-pie because there was brandy in it. Don't you think they deserve them, children?

"TELL THE BOYS."

In a sermon recently delivered by Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage he gave the following account of a Sabbath desecration, which ended in a tragedy:

"In the door of this church, summer before last, this scene occurred: Sabbath morning a young man was entering here for divine worship. A friend passing along the street said, 'Joe, come along with me, I am going down to Coney Island, and we'll have a gay Sunday.' 'No,' replied Joe, 'I have started to go here to church, and I am going to attend service here.' 'O Joe,' said his friend, 'you can go to church any time, the day is bright, and we'll go to Coney Island, and we'll have a splendid time.' The

temptation was too great, and the twain went to the beach and spent the day in drunkenness and riot. The evening train started up from Brighton, the young men were on it. Joe, in his intoxication, when the train was in full speed, tried to pass around from one car to another, and fell and was crushed. Under the lantern, as Joe lay bleeding his life away on the grass, he said to his comrade, 'John, that was a bad business, your taking me away from church; it was a very bad business. You ought not to have done that, John. I want you to tell the boys to-morrow, when you see them, that rum and Sabbath-breaking did this for me, and John, while you are telling them, I will be in hell, and it will be your fault.'—*Exchange.*

THREE KITES.

THREE kites went sailing into the air,
Higher, and higher, and higher.
"Mine is the best," cried Johnnie Stout,
"And mine the finest flyer."

"But mine will go," cried Neddie Day,
"Up to the great church-steeple!"
"And mine," cried tiny Tim, "will rise
Beyond the eyes of people."

Alas! for boys as well as men
Who set such kites a flying!
They lodged all three in a high-topped tree,
And the boys went home a-crying.

A SINGULAR CEMETERY.

IN the city of Rome, underneath one of its ancient churches, is one of the most singular burial-places you can imagine. The church is called the Church of the Capuchins, so named from the order of Capuchin monks. When one of these monks dies he is buried in this cemetery in his robes, and without a coffin. After several years have passed, the grave is opened, and the bones taken out and arranged in all sorts of fantastic figures on the sides and ceilings of the vaults or recesses of the burial-place. All around are to be seen skulls and bones of various kinds.

Sometimes a body is found which, instead of decaying, has dried up. In such cases the dried body is carefully removed and clad in the garments belonging to the Capuchin monks, and placed in a niche, either standing or lying at full length.

The day we visited this ghastly place we saw in an ante-room the body of a monk who had died the day before, and who was laid out for burial, which was to take place the next day. He seemed to be asleep rather than dead, as he lay there in his russet coloured robes, and unclothed.

It is not a pleasant place to visit, yet the old monk who led us through these vaults, and let the light of his torch fall upon their ghastliness, seemed healthy and cheerful, though he spends the most of his time there, and expects, one day, to be buried among his brethren.

It was a relief to come out again into the pure air and the bright sunshine.

In all the towns and countries I have seen, I never saw a city or a village yet, whose miseries were not in proportion to the number of its public-houses. . . . Alehouses are ever an occasion of debauchery and excess, and either in a political or religious light, it would be our highest interest to have them suppressed.
Dr. Oliver Goldsmith.